

THE (7/1609/5379
AFRICAN PRINCE,

WHEN IN ENGLAND, TO

Z A R A,

AT HIS FATHER'S COURT;

AND

Z A R A's A N S W E R.

AN

E L E G Y

On the Death of His ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK PRINCE of *W A L E S.*

AND

D I G G O N D A V Y's RESOLUTION

on the Death of his last C O W:

A

P A S T O R A L.

By *W I L L I A M D O D D*, B. A.
Late of CLARE-HALL, Cambridge.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Mr. WALLER in Fleet-Street; and Mr. WARD near the
Royal Exchange. 1755.

AFRICA W PRINCE

WHEN IN ENGLAND TO

AT HIS FATHER'S COURT;
AND
ZARAS ANSWER
AN
E L E
G Y

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES

DIGGON DAVY'S RESOLUTION

on the Death of his Royal Highness

P A S T O R A L

BY WILLIAM DODD

Two Years' Pastoral

The Second Edition

L O N D O N



Printed by W. L. ... and Mr. Ward ...

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of *HALLIFAX*,

First Lord Commissioner for Trade and Plantations,

AND

One of his MAJESTY'S Most Honourable Privy Council.

These P O E M S

are inscrib'd,

by his LORDSHIP'S

most obedient and

obliged humble Servant,

March 20, 1755.

WILLIAM DODD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Poems were printed some time since, and receiv'd not unfavourably by the publick, which was owing very much to many able corrections made by a masterly hand, though a stranger to the author, and to whom he takes this opportunity of returning his thanks: had he known the gentleman's name, he would not have fail'd placing it here, that he might not be deprived of the honour so justly due to his great merit.

A print of this black Prince has been publish'd by Faber, at the bottom of which this short account is given; William Ansah Sessarakoo, son of John Bannishee Corrantee Ohinnee of Anama-boe, and of Eukobah daughter of Ansah Sessarakoo king of Aq-namboo, and niece to Quishadoo king of Akroan. He was sold at Barbadoes as a slave in the year 1744, redeem'd at the earnest request of his father, in the year 1748, and brought to England.

THE
AFRICAN PRINCE,

WHEN IN *ENGLAND,*

TO

Z A R A

At his Father's Court.

AFRICAN PRINCE

AFRICAN PRINCE

WHEN IN ENGLAND

TO

AFRICAN PRINCE

AFRICAN PRINCE

THE
A F R I C A N PRINCE,

When in *E N G L A N D*,

To *Z A R A* at his Father's Court.

PRINCES, my fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domestic bliss, and break the private tye.
Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care.
Yet conscious virtue, in the silent hour,
Rewards the hero with a noble dower.
For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
Still unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.

[4]
Tho' virtue's awful form my soul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, ZARA, that it loves.

A private lot had made the claim but one,
The prince alone must love, for virtue, shun.

Ah! why, distinguish'd from the happier croud,
To me the bliss of millions disallow'd?

Why was I singled for imperial sway,
Since love, and duty, point a diff'rent way?

Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
When duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,
Too well my mem'ry can those scenes renew,
We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.

That conscious palm, beneath whose tow'ring shade
So oft our vows of mutual love were made;

Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
And plann'd of future years the blest employ;

That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.

Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I press'd,
And held thee panting, to my panting breast.

Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.

Together

Together sinking in the trance divine,
I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine.

O! blest oblivion of tormenting care!

O! why recall'd to life and to despair?

The dreadful summons came, to part—and why?

Why not the kinder summons but to die?

To die together were to part no more,

To land in safety on some peaceful shore,

Where love's the business of immortal life,

And happy spirits only guess at strife.

“ If in some distant land my prince should find

“ Some nymph more fair, you cry'd, as ZARA kind—

Mysterious doubt! which cou'd at once impart

Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart.

Still let me triumph in the fear express'd,

The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast;

Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove

'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

TORN from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,

Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain;

My father there his struggling sighs suppress'd,

And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast;

Then

Then fought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
 To give the fortitude he could not find;
 Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
 " Thy country's good, said he, be still persud'd!
 " If, when the Gods shall here my son restore,
 " These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;
 " If then these limbs, that now in age decay,
 " Shall mold'ring mix with earth's parental clay;
 " Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
 " Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;
 " From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
 " And reign at once a father and a king.

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
 Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state!
 Subject alike, the peasant and the king,
 To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.
 From guilt and fraud, that strikes in silence sure,
 No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.
 By these, my fair, subdu'd, thy prince was lost,
 A naked captive on a barb'rous coast.
 Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,
 My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd;

No painful labours stretch'd the tedious day,
On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
Whene'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
Where'er I pass'd, a shouting people crowd;
No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
Each man my friend, my lovely mistress you.
What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,
The shouted prince is now a slave unknown;
To watch his eye, no bending courtiers wait,
No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state;
A slave, condemn'd with unrewarded toil,
To turn, from morn to eve, a burning soil.
Fainting beneath the Sun's meridian heat,
Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet:
Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls
A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!
Unwholsome scraps my strength but half sustain'd,
From corner's glean'd, and ev'n by dogs disdain'd;
At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
Who by long use with woe familiar grew;
Of manners brutish, merciless and rude,
They mock'd my suff'rings, and my pangs renew'd;

In

In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
And rose to labour with the morning light.
Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
If heav'n with thee my faithful arms had bless'd,
And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
Short tho' they were, my soul had never known
One secret wish to glitter on a throne;
The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A monarch still, beyond a monarch blest,
Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast;
My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
Shou'd shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise;
Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—
Ah! not the prison of a slave in me
Cou'd I with infamy content remain,
And wish thy lovely form to share my chain?
Cou'd this bring ease? Forgive th' unworthy thought,
And let the love, that sinn'd, atone the fault.
Cou'd I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,
Crawl, tamely, recent from the scourge, to thee?

[19]
Thy blooming beauties cou'd these arms embrace ?
My guilty joys enslave an infant race ?
No : rather blast me lightnings, whirlwinds tear,
And drive these limbs in atoms thro' the air ;
Rather than this, O ! curse me still with life,
And let my ZARA smile a rival's wife :
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curse below.

BUT, from this dreadful scene, with joy, I turn ;
To trust in heav'n, of me, let ZARA learn.
The wretch, the fordid hypocrite, that sold
His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
That justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
And death, commission'd, smote him on the deep.
The gen'rous crew their port in safety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain ;
The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haste commanded, and the slave was free'd.
No more BRITANNIA's cheek the blush of shame
Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame :
Propitious gales, to freedom's happy shore,
Waft me triumphant, and the prince restore ;

Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
 And all the splendor of a court is mine.
 And knowledge here, by piety refin'd,
 Sheds a blest radiance o'er my bright'ning mind ;
 From earth I travel upward to the sky,
 I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
 O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
 Such blissful tidings! they shall soon be thine.
 I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
 What habits, buildings, trades, and polity ;
 How art and nature vye to entertain,
 In public shows, and mix delight with pain.
 O! ZARA, † here, a story like my own,
 With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
 An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
 And partner in his woes, an Indian maid.
 I can't recall the scene, 'tis pain too great,
 And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

† He alludes to the play of *Oroonoko*, at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to continue, during its performance, in the house.

To write the wonders here, I strive in vain ;
 Each word wou'd ask a thousand to explain.
 The time shall come, O ! speed the ling'ring hour !
 When ZARA's charms shall lend description pow'r ;
 When plac'd beside thee, in the cool alcove,
 Or through the green Savannahs as we rove,
 The frequent kifs shall interrupt the tale,
 And looks shall speak my sense, tho' language fail.
 Then shall the prodigies, that round me rise,
 Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprize ;
 Then all my knowledge, to thy faithful heart,
 With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
 Methinks I see thy charming looks express
 Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress ;
 As all the windings of my fate I trace,
 And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.
 Yet where, alas ! has flatt'ring thoughts convey'd
 The ravish'd lover, with his darling maid ?
 Between us, still, unmeasur'd oceans roll,
 Which hostile barks infest, and storms controul.
 Be calm my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
 And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain :

He rules resistless, and his pow'r shall guide
 My life in ~~safety~~ o'er the roaring tide;
 Shall bless the love, that's built on virtue's base,
 And spare me to evangelize my race.
 Farewel! thy prince still lives, and still is free:
 Farewel! hope all things, and remember Me.

Z A R A,

Z A R A,

At the Court of ANNAMABOE,

TO THE

A F R I C A N P R I N C E,

W H E N I N E N G L A N D.

A B A Z
A B A Z

ATLANTA, GEORGIA
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

U

Z A R A,

At the Court of ANNAMABOE,

TO THE

AFRICAN PRINCE,

When in ENGLAND.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel;

My rising wish should groundless fears confine,

And doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing line;

Wou'd not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain

That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?

Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast

Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.

I give

I give my bosom naked to thy view,
 For, what has shame with innocence to do?
 In fancy, now, I clasp thee to my heart,
 Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
 I catch new transport from thy speaking eye;
 But whence this sad, involuntary sigh?
 Why pants my bosom with intruding fears?
 Why, from my eyes, distil unbidden tears?
 Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
 Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight?
 Oh! art thou safe, on Britain's happy shore,
 From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar?
 And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)
 Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
 Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
 The toils of empire, and the sweets of love?
 Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fiercest kind!
 Fear heav'n's red light'ning—'tis a prince ye bind;
 A prince, whom no indignities could hide,
 They knew, presumptuous! and the gods defy'd.
 Where'er he moves, let love-join'd rev'ence rise,
 And all mankind behold with ZARA's eyes!

Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves
To freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves;
Thy breast alone the pleasing thought can frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came :
A thousand times I held 'em to my breast,
A thousand times my lips the paper prest :
My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
And " Oh my prince!" dy'd falt'ring on my tongue :
Fainting I sunk, unequal to the strife,
And milder joys sustain'd returning life.
Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread.

" COME, come, my prince! my charmer! haste away;
" Come, come, I cry'd, thy ZARA blames thy stay.
" For thee, the shrubs their richest sweets retain;
" For thee, new colours wait to paint the plain;
" For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
" The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
" 'Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
" 'Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all——
" He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
" He comes, rufulent to his ZARA's arms:

“ With jocund songs, proclaim my love’s return ;

“ With jocund hearts, his nuptial bed adorn.

“ Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,

“ He comes, uniting majesty and love.”—

Too soon, alas ! the blest delusion flies ;

Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.

Ah ! why do thy fond words suggest a fear—

Too vast, too num’rous, those already here ;

Ah ! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,

Of seas that storms controul, and foes infest :

My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows

No thoughts but those of storms, and seas, and foes.

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,

Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run,

“ Where, where’s my prince ! what tidings have ye brought ? ”

Of each I met, with pleading tears I fought.

In vain I fought, some conscious of my pain

With horrid silence pointed to the main.

Some with a sneer the brutal thought express,

And plung’d the dagger of a barb’rous jest.

Day follow’d day, and still I wish’d the next,

New hopes still flatter’d, and new doubts perplex’d ;

Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came,
My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.

At length—"O Pow'r supreme! whoe'er thou art,
" Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart;
" Since ev'ry clime, and all th' unbounded main,
" And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain,
" If faithful passion can thy bounty move,
" And goodness sure must be the friend of love,
" Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,
" Safe to his ZARA's arms, to part no more.
" O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
" And grant thy love to love's availing pray'r.
" Together, then, and emulous to praise,
" A flow'ry altar to thy name we'll raise;
" There, first and last, on each returning day,
" To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
Why, when thou went'st, did ZARA stay behind?
How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
'Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

HAD fate in other mold thy ZARA form'd,
And my bold breast with manly friendship warm'd,

How had I glow'd exulting at thy side,
 How all the shafts of adverse fate defy'd
 Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
 Oh ! that with thee, I'd turn'd a burning soil
 In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
 In love still happy, we had still been free ;
 Then fortune, brav'd, had own'd superior might,
 And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why should'st thou bid thy love remember thee ?
 Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.
 Each night, the cool Savannahs have I sought,
 And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought ;
 The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
 And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe, the tide :
 My breast still haunted by a motly train,
 Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.
 Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,
 Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline ;
 Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
 In vain, alas ! for 'tis myself I'd shun.
 When kindly sleep its lenient balm supply'd,
 And gave that comfort waking thought deny'd,

Last night—but why, ah ZARA! why impart,
 The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart?
 Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
 And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
 Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—
 Heav'n's awful concave round thy ZARA bow;
 When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
 Which earth receiv'd, and six white courfers drew;
 Then—quick transition, did thy ZARA ride,
 Borne to the chariot—wond'rous—by thy side:
 All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
 Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.
 A thousand voices sung—"All blifs betide
 "The prince of Libya, and his faithful bride."
 "'Tis done, 'tis done" resounded thro' the skies,
 And quick aloft the car began to rise;
 Ten thousand beauties crowded on my sight,
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
 My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
 And wretched ZARA view'd her lonely bed.—
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my soul;
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.

Alas ! my prince—yet hold, my struggling breast !

Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.

“ Hope all, thou say’st, I live, and still am free ;”

Oh then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.

Ease all the doubts thy ZARA’S bosom knows,

And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.—

But that I know too well thy gen’rous heart,

One doubt, than all, more torment would impart ;

’Tis this, in Britain’s happy courts to shine,

Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—

But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,

Art still thyself, incapable of wrong ;

No outward charm can captivate thy mind,

Thy love is friendship heighten’d and refin’d ;

’Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,

And burns with spotless and immortal fires.

Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,

And known these joys, what others canst thou prize ?

Be jealous doubts the curse of sordid minds,

Hence jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds—

ONCE more, O come ! and snatch me to thy arms ;

Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms !

Come,

Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,
 Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distrest ;
 Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
 And oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail.
 Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
 My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire ;
 My pen denies my last farewell to write,
 Still, still, " Return," my wishful thoughts indite :
 Oh hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,
 Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
 Oh ! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
 Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole ;
 And these kind letters trembling ZARA drew,
 In ev'ry line shall bring her to thy view.
 Return, return, in love and truth excel ;
 Return, I write ; I cannot add,—farewel.

Count, let me keep company on thy heart,
Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy diffused;
Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
And oft renew'd, still let my list prevail.
Much still remains to tell and to engage,
My hand still writes, and willing prompts come;
My pen denies my list farwel to write,
Still, still, "Return," my wishful thoughts inspire;
Oh hear, my prince, thy love thy justice call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all,
Oh! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
Thus, while I write, I feel I clasp thee whole;
And these kind letters trembling Xara draw,
In every line shall bring her to thy view;
Return, return, in love and truth and
Return, I write; I cannot add—farwel.

AN
E L E G Y

On the DEATH of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

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PRINCE OF WALES

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E L E G Y

On the Death of His ROYAL HIGHNESS the

P R I N C E of *W A L E S*.

L A N G U A G E is faint true sorrow to express,
To speak the passion of a wounded soul:

The more we suffer we complain the less,

The rill flows babbling, deep streams silent roll.

The Head with mute expressive pity mov'd,

The big tear lab'ring in your people's eye,

Too speakingly proclaim, how much lov'd,

Dear PRINCE, you liv'd, how much lamented die.

In deep suspense, such solemn scenes around,

I stand, where first to touch the lyre of woe;

As leaning on his ax, where trees abound,

The woodman doubts where first to fix the blow.

Oh PRINCESS—yet at that unhappy name

Why does my pen th' ungrateful task deny?

Why spreads a dampy chilnefs o'er my frame,

And tears unbidden croud into my eye?

So tender is the theme, the Muses mourn,

And fear to speak, what speaking they must wrong;

For as no words her virtues can adorn,

So is her grief beyond the reach of song.

Oh for the plaintive voice, the mournful tone

Soft-trilling thro' the silence of the night

Of hapless Philomel, when all alone

On bared bough, she wails her widow'd plight;

Then cou'd my soul in soft complainings tell,

How FREDERICK lov'd, and how that love was blest:

How dear he liv'd, how dear—and when he fell,

Ah me—what anguish pierc'd AUGUSTA's breast!

Theirs was no common love, no common flame,

Not from the wanton heart of passion sprung,

Whose joy is transient, and whose bliss a name;

Sense tied the knot, which tenderness made strong:

Built on esteem a mutual friendship rose,
 Time saw that friendship constantly improve:
 And friendship so refin'd, soon fondness grows,
 Soon softly mellows into firmest love.

Such, such was their's; but when a beauteous race
 Their parent's triumph, and their nation's care,
 Was giv'n indulgent to their dear embrace,
 How was their mutual love cemented there!

Oh to behold 'em as they pass along
 With their sweet babes the lov'd and loving pair:
 Their bliss was painted in the gazing throng,
 Each eye proclaim'd their happiness sincere.

Britons, alas, no more shall ye survey
 With longing looks the lovely glorious sight:
 Heav'n has too soon your favourite snatch'd away,
 The husband's mirror, and the realm's delight.

Who shall presume heav'n's awful ways to scan,
 Or reason of its dealings here below?
 Myfterious are its holy ways to man:
 That God is good—is all we need to know.

Weep not, fair PRINCESS, nor thy fortune blame,

Some great reward in future times is thine :

From earth set free, above yon starry frame

Thou with thy GOD and with thy PRINCE shalt shine.

Wait then resign'd the hallow'd will of heav'n,

Affuage thy tears, and bid thy grief subside,—

Alas—how easy consolation's giv'n,

When swells not full the heart with sorrow's tide !

Tho' much I feel, how deep thy grief to mine !

How vain the thought to bid thee cease to mourn !

Thou art a mortal—and to feel is thine ;

It is enough, thy sorrows can be borne.

Where shall thy prattling race their father see,

So fond, so tender—hapless widow, where ?

Sportive no more shall they ascend his knee,

Or list their little stories in his ear !

Oft shall thy bosom heave unbidden sighs,

Oft down thy cheeks shall steal the gushing tears,

When some fond infant asks with streaming eyes

Why now no more his dear PAPA appears ?

And

[3]
And yet there is who to the name of Son
Is now no stranger : for, in years tho' green,
Uncommon sense the blooming Prince has shown,
Britannia's glory in his youth is seen.

Weep, weep, young PRINCE, for thou hast lost a fire,
Beneath whose hand in virtue thou hast grown ;
Let then his glories all thy bosom fire,
And make his ev'ry excellence thy own.

Hear thy fond mother tenderly relate
Those many virtues ev'ry Briton lov'd :
Then weep thy country's loss and father's fate,
And from his great example rise improv'd.

So when thy GRANDSIRE shall to death's sure hand
At length submit, and double England's woe,
Another GEORGE may sooth the suff'ring land,
And bring his great forefathers back to view.

But, gracious heav'n, if Britain be thy care,
Nor yet our crimes have turn'd thy favour hence,
Awhile our monarch to our wishes spare,
At once our only glory and defence.

Far from his bed each torturing pang remove,

And doubly fortify his lab'ring soul :

Tho' much he feels, let not the father's love

The father of his country's love controul.

Be his the mighty task his realms to guard,

And " settle sure succession on his line ;"

Be ours great KING, thy goodness to reward

With prayers incessant ; be our hearts all thine !

There are perchance who wonder I refuse

Aloft to blazon FREDERICK's lov'd fame :

That were a task wou'd well delight the Muse,

For much she joys to dwell upon his name.

But what avails it, Britons, to relate

His public virtues, and domestic worth ?

Each Briton knew them, each laments a fate

That tore such matchless virtues from our earth.

Weep all the people when a tyrant dies !

Mourn for a worthless name the general throng !

No, PRINCESS, no :—more speak thy people's eyes

Than all the music of applauding song.

What

What tho' in tented fields, and deeds of war,
 Where wide destruction claims the laurel crown,
 He never shone, nor drove Bellona's car,
 Rattling o'er ruin to procure renown:

A nobler sphere his milder virtues chose,
 Another Numa, born to bless mankind;
 To conquer in humanity he rose,
 And left the glorious madnesses behind.

In wide benevolence's ample plain,
 He toil'd to make each social art his own,
 That Britain might with joy behold the train
 Of Truth and Glory basking round his throne.

But what avail'd his kind parental care,
 His studious labour for his country's weal?
 Heav'n deign'd not to bestow such favours here,
 And shew'd the more, that we the more might feel.

Severest scourge upon our guilty land,
 Whose fapp'd foundations scarce their burden bear,
 Loaded with guilt the tottering structures stand,
 Nod to their fall, and daily ruin fear.

And lo—how cast aside her orb'd shield,
 Whereon right plain in speaking brass is view'd
 Her ev'ry son, who dar'd in glory's field
 Each honest danger for his country's good
 On the bare ground Britannia lies along,
 And leans her head all mournful on her hand,
 While clad in fable, melancholy throng,
 Weeping around fair Virtue and her band.
 The Muses too in silent sort draw nigh,
 And pensive with the sorrowing Maid recline;
 On their soft lutes the strains unfinish'd die,
 And to dumb grief they solemnly resign.
 Parental Fondness drooping sits aside,
 With Conjugal Affection in his hand,
 Bends his full eyes expressive on his bride,
 Looks their sad loss, and wails the widow'd land.
 Freedom, whose adamant bosom knows
 From common sufferings naught to touch her breast,
 Wild in her sorrow, gives a loose to woes,
 For FREDERICK lov'd her, and she lov'd Him best.

Commerce at distance rears her heavy head,
 Her fable flag hangs heedless on her knee,
 Neglected at her feet her glories spread,
 Neglected droops her empire of the sea :

Oft wails she—" Wherefore do I fondly blame
 " For that a while my sons thy loss shall feel?
 " Beneath thee nurtur'd, how had rose my fame,
 " For well thou knew'st my worth to Britain's weal."

Thus as she spoke, methought the western sky
 Gay streaks of splendid light illumin'd round,
 When, clad in snowy robes, descend from high
 Bright forms, with gold and amaranthus crown'd ;

A car, immortal lustre darting, shone,
 Born in the bosom of a fleecy cloud,
 When from the north a PERSONAGE came on,
 Divine his look, divine the circling crowd :

Superior glory beam'd from out his eyes—
 He mov'd—the splendid car advanc'd along,
 Where as he enter'd, forthwith to the skies
 The flashing glory all triumphant sprung :

When 'midst soft melody th' angelic choir

Sooth'd with these accents each desponding breast,

" Weep not for him, whom heav'nly joys require,

" Bewail not FREDERICK, Britons, He is blest.

DIGGON

D I G G O N D A V T's

RESOLUTION

On the DEATH of his last Cow.

A

P A S T O R A L.

ADVERTISEMENT.

T*HIS little poem was written when the distemper rag'd violently in Lincolnshire, where upon the author's observing that a description of an evil very similar was to be found in the Georgics of VIRGIL, he was requested to produce the passages expressive of the similar symptoms in the disorder; which accordingly he did in this pastoral, where the passages from VIRGIL are produced at the bottom.*

DIGGON DAVY'S RESOLUTION;

PASTORAL.

DIGGON DAVY and COLIN CLOUT.

BENEATH an hawthorn bush, secreted shade,
The herdsman DIGGON doleful ply'd his spade;
† The deep'ning grave conceal'd him to the head,
Near him his cow, his fav'rite cow, lay dead:
When o'er the neighb'ring stile a shepherd came,
The herdsman's friend, and COLIN was his name:
Touch'd with the sight, the kind and guileless swain
Sigh'd, shook his head, and thus express'd his pain.

† — *Humo tegere ac foveis abscondere discant.*

VIRG. Geor. 3. ver. 558.

COLIN,

How! Mully gone!—the sad mischance I rue!
 Ah! wretched DIGGON, but more wretched Sue!

DIGGON.

† How could I hope, where such contagion reigns,
 Where one wide ruin sweeps the desert plains,
 Where ev'ry gale contains the seeds of death,
 That DIGGON's kine should draw untainted breath?
 Vain hope, alas! if such my heart had known,
 Since Mully's gone, the last of all my own.
 No more shall Susan skim the milky stream;
 No more the cheese-curd press, or churn the cream;
 No more the dairy shall my steps invite,
 So late the source of plenty and delight:
 Thither no more, with Susan, shall I stray,
 Nor from her cleanly hands receive the whey.
 Sad plight is ours, nor ours alone, for all
 Mourn the still meadow, and deserted stall.

† — *Hic morbo caeli miseranda coorta est*

Æmpestas.

VIRG. *Geor.* 3. ver. 478.

COLIN.

COLIN.

BUT have you, DIGGON, all those methods try'd,
By book-learn'd doctors taught, when cattle dy'd?
Or, tho' no doctor's remedies prevail,
Does the good bishop's fam'd tar-water fail?

DIGGON.

† EACH art I try'd, did all that man cou'd do;
Med'cines I gave; like poison med'cines flew:
The bishop's drink, which snatch'd me from the grave,
Giv'n to my cow, forgot its pow'r to save,
The dire disease increas'd by swift degrees,
Till death freed Mully, death! which all things frees.

COLIN.

I wou'd not, DIGGON, now your grief renew,
Yet wish to hear her sickness trac'd by you;
How first it seiz'd her, and what change its rage
Relentless wrought in each successive stage.

† *Profuit inserto latices infundere cornu
Lenæos: ea visa salus morientibus una.
Mox erat hoc ipsum exitio.* Ver. 509.
*Quasitæque nocent artes; cessere magistri
Pbillyrides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus,* Ver. 549.

DIGGON.

† DEJECTED first, she hung her drooping head ;
 Refus'd her meat, and from her pasture fled ;
 Then, dead and languid seem'd her plaintive eye ;
 Her breath grew noisome, and her udder dry ;
 Erst sweet that breath as morning gales in May,
 And full that udder as of light the day :
 Scorch'd with perpetual thirst, short sighs she drew,
 Furr'd was her tongue, and to her mouth it grew :
 Her burning nostrils putrid rheums distill'd,
 And death's strong agonies her bowels fill'd :
 Each limb contracted, and a groan each breath ;
 Lost ease I wish'd her, and it came in death :—
 Cast out infected, and abhorr'd by all ;
 See how the useful, and the beauteous fall !
 Not ev'n her skin, when living, sleek and red,
 Can ought avail me, COLIN, now she's dead.

† *Sin in processu cœpit crudeſcere morbus ;
 Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
 Spiritus interdum gemitu gravis : imaque longo
 Ilia ſingultu tendunt : it naribus ater
 Sanguis, & obſeſſas fauces premit aſpera lingua. Ver. 504.
 Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia poſſunt
 Prata movere animum. Ver. 520.*

——— & ima
*Solvuntur latera, atque oculos ſtupor urget inertes. Ver. 519.
 Nam neque erat coriis uſus. Ver. 559.*

43]
COLIN.

† MAY heav'n, relenting, happier days bestow,
Suspend the rod, and smile away our woe !
But if in justice for our crimes we smart,
If with affliction heav'n corrects the heart,
'Tis ours submissive to receive the stroke,
Since to repine is only to provoke.

DIGGON.

HARD is the task from murmurs to refrain ;
Ev'n blessings past increase the present pain.
Once in these vales my lowing herds were fed,
My table plenty crown'd, and peace my bed ;
My jocund pipe then tun'd to am'rous lays,
A kiss repaid me for a lover's praise.
‡ Bless'd times, farewell ! no more those herds are found,
No more my table is with plenty crown'd ;
No more my bed the sleep of peace bestows,
No more my jocund strain melodious flows ;

† *Dii meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum !* Ver. 513.
‡ *Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ.*
Carmina nulla canam. VIRG. Ecl. ver. 75.

A lover's praise a kiss rewards no more;
 Joy spreads his wanton wings, and leaves the shore;
 Pale want remains, with all her meagre train,
 And only sighs are echo'd o'er the plain.
 † Far hence I'll fly, this rustic garb forego,
 And march in red, a soldier, to the foe.
 The French, whose bosom popish plots conceal,
 My hand, made heavy by distress, shall feel.
 On Flanders plains, I'll lose domestic care,
 Desp'rate thro' want, and mighty thro' despair.
 And there, if heav'n at length my labours crown,
 I'll sow false Frenchmen, and I'll reap renown.
 Susan, farewell!—

COLIN.

S'DEATH! yonder, o'er the mead
 The 'squire's curst mastiff scours with headlong speed;
 See how my flock in wild confusion flies—
 Zooks! if I catch him—by this hand he dies.

† *At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros, &c.*
 —duri me Martis in armis

Ecl. 1. ver. 65.

Fata inter media atque adversos detinet hostes.

VIRG. Ecl. 10. ver. 44.

F I N I S.

